

MESSY - Lola Young

You know I'm
So why would you leave me waiting outside the station
When it was like minus four? And I
I get what you're sayin'
I just really don't wanna hear it right now
Can you shut up for like in your life?
Listen to me, I took your nice words of
About how you think I'm gonna die lucky if I turn thirty-three
Ok, so yeah, I smoke like a
I'm notand I pull a Britney every other week
But cut me some slack, who do you want me to be?
'Cause I'm too messy and then I'm too fucking
You told me get a job then you ask where the hell I've been
And I'm too perfect 'til Imy big mouth
I want to be me, is that not?
And I'm too clever and then I'm too fucking
You hate it when I cry it's that time of the month
And I'm too perfect 'til I show you that I'm not
A thousand people I could be for you and you hate the fucking lot
You hate the fucking lot
You hate the fucking lot
You hate, you hate



It'syou ages
You still don't get the hint I'm not asking for
But one text or two would be nice and
Please don't pull those
When I've been out working my ass off all day
It's just one bottle of wine or two, but, hey
You can't even talk, you smoke just to help
you sleep
Then why you out gettingat four o'clock
And then you come home to me?
And don't say hello 'cause I got high again
And forgot to fold my clothes
'Cause I'm too messy and then I'm too fucking clean
You told me get a job then you ask where the hell I've
been
And I'm too 'til I open my big mouth
I want to be me, is that not allowed?
And I'm too clever and then I'm too fucking
You hate it when I cryit's that time of the
month
And I'm too perfect 'til I show you that I'm not
Apeople I could be for you and you hate
the fucking lot
You hate the fucking lot
You hate the fucking lot

Oh, and I'm too messy and then I'm too fucking clean
You told me get a job then you ask where the hell I've
been
And I'm too perfect 'til I open my big mouth
I want to be me, is that not allowed?
And I'm too clever and then I'm too fucking dumb
You hate it when I cry unless it's that time of the month
And I'm too perfect 'til I show you that I'm not
A thousand people I could be for you and you hate the
fucking lot
You hate the fucking lot
You hate the fucking lot
You hate the fucking lot
You hate the fucking lot

ANSWER THE FOLLOWING QUESTIONS

- a. What do you think the singer means by "I get messy"? In what context might "messy" be a metaphor for emotional or behavioral challenges?
- b. Why do you think the singer acknowledges being "the one to blame"? What does this reveal about her self-awareness?
- c. Discuss how this line fits with the overall theme of the song. What could "the game" represent in this context?

ANSWER THE FOLLOWING QUESTIONS

- Listen to the song and read the following excerpt:
- "I'm a little too much, I'm a little too loud / I never knew when to calm down."
- Fill in the blanks with the correct synonym or paraphrase of the words in bold from the song:
- "I'm a little too ____ (overbearing), I'm a little too ____ (boisterous)."
- "I never knew when to ____ (tone down)."